

# Good Morning 624

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

E.R.A. Syd Robins  
of Stoic, took no  
Chances on the  
Big Occasion



## W. H. Millier asks— What's Wrong With Boxing Pros?

THAT the decline in the standard of boxing skill is new world-wide is freely admitted by those people who are competent to judge. Various notions have been advanced in the endeavour to discover the reason, but few which tend to clarify the situation.

A new one, to me, was advanced the other day by an elderly American, who, surprisingly enough, confessed that boxing form in the United States was almost as painful as the woful stuff that is served up here.

"You can put it all down to the name of Jawnsen," he said. I had to register a mild protest at this. "Surely," I exclaimed, "you can't blame Jack Johnson for that. He has been called many ugly names in his time, but he never deserved half of them, and the last thing that can be laid on his doorstep is the decline of boxing skill."

"Oh, no," laughed the American. "I don't mean that Jawnsen. He only made it bad for his own folk—kept the colour bar going for a lot longer than it need have gone. If he was boxing to-day, you couldn't say there were no real champions. No. I refer to Mr. Pussyfoot Jawnsen, the man who did more harm to America than all the little yellow skunks in and out of Japan. You can take it from me that Prohibition is the cause."

Seeing that I must have been mystified by this, he hurried on to elaborate his point.

"Before America was made dry by law, the young folks never bothered about drink. Athletics, boxing and games took up a lot of their time, and that produced a fine lot of huskies. To call for a soft drink then wasn't an open invitation to be called a pansy or a cissy."

"But directly Prohibition came in, good sense went out. The bootleggers and the speak-easies did ten times the trade that the honest booze purveyors had done. That would not have been so bad if it had meant that honest liquor was

peddled, but it wasn't. It was just poison, and nothing else.

"Young America had a new craze. It was mass poisoning, but they didn't call it that."

"They called it 'having a good time.' If you want to create a demand for anything, you only have to forbid it. Oh, yes; and make sure that you charge eight times the real price, and nothing on earth will stop them from clamouring for it."

"So American form runs true in at least one instance," I suggested.

He smiled inquiringly, inviting me to explain. "Your fellow-countrymen, who have come over to help us win the war, pay very handsomely for methylated spirit, up to eighty times its value, in fact, and are quite happy to call it whisky."

"Too bad," he said. "Those boys are the children of their parents. And their parents were the boys and girls who thought themselves big shots

when they poisoned their minds and bodies by swallowing wood alcohol in the speak-easies. Undertakers' whisky they called it, and it certainly filled a mighty lot of coffins."

"But those that didn't become corpses, became physical wrecks. That's the reason why present-day American boxers can't produce the form that gave their elders all the world titles in the past."

There may be a modicum of truth in this all-too-sweeping statement made by a candid, and certainly unusual American. When we read about the Sinatra Swooners and the jitter-bugging juveniles of the U.S.A., we feel that perhaps Prohibition has left its imprint, as my American acquaintance suggested.

Its chief protagonist, William Eugene Johnson, more widely known as Pussyfoot Johnson, died the other day. Pussyfoot Johnson lived to see his life's work crowned with success. He, unlike so many would-be reformers, also

PERHAPS the lads of the 'Stoic' know better than we do whether their ship-mate, E.R.A. Syd Robins, of Romford, Essex, avoids walking under ladders and spilling the old salt cellar. But we can vouch that he is superstitious on the matter of matrimony.

When Syd got married at Ashington, Northumberland, he took no chances of seeing the bride, Miss Doris Robinson, of Station Road, Ashington, before the wedding... so he stayed at a nearby village with some pals, and from there went straight to the church.

The wedding was at the Ashington Parish Church, the church around the corner from the bride's home. Syd's brother, Cyril, who

is in the Fleet Air Arm, was best man. He had been very lucky in getting a spot of leave.

Anyhow, all went well at the ceremony. The couple, being pronounced man and wife, left the church for the reception, which was held at a recreation hall in the village.

Then came speech-making. Syd. got up to say his piece, and although he looked pretty nervous, he put it over quite neatly.

Well, our snoop ended here, after a most warm welcome by the company. On behalf of "Good Morning" and all the Service, we say good luck and happiness in the future to E.R.A. and Mrs. Robins.

lived to see its disastrous results, although he may not have thought them disastrous. The best thing that can be said of him is that he meant well. He paid a visit to London just after the last war and had the unfortunate experience of losing an eye, knocked out by a brick-bat during a students' so-called rag.

This occurrence gained Mr. Johnson more friends here than he might otherwise have had, because he took his serious injury so lightly and refused to complain. For this we respected him.

He believed in peaceable persuasion, and it was because of his soft approach to his subject that he gained the name of Pussyfoot.

He was totally unlike his predecessor in the Prohibition line for Mr. Johnson was by no means the pioneer of Prohibition.

Some years before he became known outside his own small circle a little old lady started out on her own campaign armed with a battleaxe. She carried her axe, not merely as a symbol, but for damaging use. As I had the doubtful pleasure of seeing her in action, I may say that she was no "lady" in our meaning of the word.

Her name was Carrie Nation. I presume it was her real name, although it may sound like a handle invented for the purpose in hand. Then, again, it may be that she thought, with such a name as this, she had been sent to the earth especially to carry her nation to glory on a water-wagon.

If you have seen Nellie Wallace, then you may know what Carrie Nation looked like; very nearly.

She was funny, but not in the delightful way that our esteemed music-hall artiste is funny. Still, her attire was very similar.

After she had hacked her way through the big cities in the land of the "bar-spangled tanner," this aged Amazon in miniature descended upon our peaceful island—it was peaceful then—complete with battle-axe. In any other country, leaving out America, she would immediately have been removed to a safe place, but we are too indulgent for that, particularly where visitors are concerned.

As you may guess, she hit the headlines right away. Publicans and pot-wallopers laughed on one side of the face when they read the news, and when they had been favoured by a visit of the headlines in person they

laughed on the other side of their faces.

Many people, notably the glass manufacturers, derived much pleasure from her crusade, but many more did not.

Her technique was simple, but effective; albeit she drove more nails in the coffins of the temperance reformers than anybody before her time, or since.

She would go to a public-house select the largest plate-glass window, and crash would go the axe. As the flying glass distracted the attention of the customers, in would bounce

Carrie, almost unobserved in the general alarm, and before you could say "Mine's a bitter" she would sweep every glass from the bar, empty or full.

They all went the same way.

It was not her axe that rendered her immune from the anger of the British workman and his hard-earned glass of beer; it was her age and her sex. Thus she was permitted to get away with it for quite a long time, and publicans had to employ scouts to give warning of her approach.

## Down in the Forest Something Stirred—and Thereby Hangs a Tale

A TRAVELLER making his way through a dense forest near Wokingham, Berkshire, in 1664, lost all idea of his bearings and after wandering for hours without finding a way out, wondered if he would ever see his home again.

When he was in the depths of despair, a noise came to his ears, and his face lighted up. The noise was the distant—hardly heard—sound of a church bell. Seizing his staff in a firm grip he set out for the sound, and as it grew louder he knew he would soon be within human habitation again.

He never forgot that nightmare experience, and when he died some years later, his executors found that his Will contained a clause instructing them to provide money for the ringing of a church bell in a church near the forest twice every day.

The custom was kept up as the centuries passed although the forest had dwindled to woodland where no one could possibly get lost. It was only the ban on bells, at the beginning of the war, I believe, that broke the tradition.

A similar custom was observed at Woodstock, Oxfordshire, where ten shillings a year was paid for the ringing of a bell at three o'clock every afternoon for the guidance of travellers.

By a Will made in 1656, churchwardens of St. Botolph's Billingsgate, received £4 a year to provide "a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern with a candle, for the

D. N. K. B.

## Alex Cracks

Why does Christmas Day always seem to go so quickly? Maybe because it is a Quarter Day.

Small daughter: "Why do you have eyebrows?"  
Paterfamilias: "Well, how could I be taxed up to the eyebrows if I hadn't eyebrows?"

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.

So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## Good Home News for C.P.O. REG ISON



ALL is well at 36, Sunningdale Avenue, Eastcote, Pinner, Middlesex. C.P.O. Reg Ison, but that wireless you built has recently broken down, and so has the radio-gram.

Your mother is not worrying however, and both she and your brother Francis, in India, are in very good fettle.

Marjorie is also well, Reg, and called on your mother only a few days before our visit to report that everything is well at Fulham.

"Aunt Ethel and Pat were also recent visitors to Sunningdale Avenue, and we're told that Pat was once again in a mischievous mood."

Uncle Arthur is in hospital again, in Holland, but your father is at home and in the best of health looking after the bees and rabbits.

You can rest assured that Tibs is just as lively as ever, and is still chasing the birds from the garden, which your father is looking after as keenly as ever.

We were asked to assure you that cigarettes are being sent out to you, and your mother hopes you are receiving them now.

Anyway, perhaps she won't have to send them to you much longer, and we can certainly tell you that she is looking forward to the day when you return home.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Then my advice is, divorce 'er, Joe, before she drags you down to the gutter!"



If you're (a) old (b) worth half a million (c) suffering from gout (d) the possessor of an elderly unmarried daughter (e) ministered to by a widow—**LOOK OUT!**

MR. Coulson twisted the ends of his white moustache, cursed his foot, and pounded a bell on the table by his side.

In came Mrs. Widdup. She was comely to the eye, fair, flustered, forty and foxy.

"Higgins is out, sir," she said, with a smile suggestive of vibratory massage. "He went to post a letter. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"It's time for my aconite," said old Mr. Coulson. "Drop it for me. The bottle's there. Three drops. In water. D—that is, confound Higgins!"

There's nobody in this house cares if I die here in this chair for want of attention."

Mrs. Widdup sighed deeply.

"Don't be saying that, sir," she said. "There's them that would care more than anyone knows. Thirteen drops, you said, sir?"

"Three," said old man Coulson.

He took his dose and then Mrs. Widdup's hand. She blushed. Oh, yes, it can be done. Just hold your breath and compress the diaphragm.

"Mrs. Widdup," said Mr. Coulson, "the springtime's full upon us."

"Ain't that right?" said Mrs. Widdup. "The air's real warm. And there's bock-beer signs on every corner. And the park's all valler and pink and blue with flowers; and I have such shooting pains up my legs and body."

"In the spring," quoted Mr. Coulson, curling his moustache, "ay—that is, a man's—fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"Lawdy, now!" exclaimed

Mrs. Widdup; "ain't that right? Seems like it's in the air."

"In the spring," continued old Mr. Coulson, "a livelier iris shines upon the burnished dove."

"They do be lively, the Irish," sighed Mrs. Widdup pensively.

"Mrs. Widdup," said Mr. Coulson, making a face at a twinge of his gouty foot, "this would be a lonesome house without you. I'm an—that is, I'm an elderly man—but I'm worth a comfortable lot of money. If half a million dollars' worth of Government bonds and the true affection of a heart that, though no longer beating with the first ardour of youth, can still throb with genuineness—

The loud noise of an overturned chair near the portieres of the adjoining room interrupted the venerable and scarcely suspecting victim of May.

In stalked Miss Van Meeker Constantia Coulson, bony, durable, tall, high-nosed, frigid, well-bred, thirty-five, in-the-neighbourhood-of-Gramercy-Parkish. She put up a log-nette. Mrs. Widdup hastily stooped and arranged the bandages on Mr. Coulson's gouty foot.

"I thought Higgins was with you," said Miss Van Meeker Constantia.

"Higgins went out," explained her father, "and Mrs. Widdup answered the bell. That is better now, Mrs. Widdup, thank you. No; there is nothing else I require."

The housekeeper retired, pink under the cool, inquiring stare of Miss Coulson.

"This spring weather is lovely, isn't it, daughter?" said

the old man, consciously conscious.

"That's just it," replied Miss Van Meeker Constantia Coulson, somewhat obscurely.

"When does Mrs. Widdup start on her vacation, papa?"

"I believe she said a week from to-day," said Mr. Coulson.

The next morning at 8 o'clock, when the iceman called, the cook told him that Miss Coulson wanted to see him in the basement.

"Well, ain't I the Olcott and Depew; not mentioning the first name at all?" said the iceman, admiringly of himself.

As a concession he rolled his sleeves down, dropped his icehooks on a syringe and went back. When Miss Van Meeker Constantia Coulson addressed him he took off his hat.

"There is a rear entrance to this basement," said Miss Coulson, "which can be reached by driving into the vacant lot next door, where they are excavating for a building. I want you to bring in that way within two hours 1,000 pounds of ice. You may have to bring another man or two to help you. I will show you where I want it placed. I also want 1,000 pounds a day delivered the same way for the next four days. Your company may charge the ice on our regular bill. This is for your extra trouble."

Miss Coulson tendered a ten-dollar bill. The iceman bowed, and held his hat in his two hands behind him.

"Not if you'll excuse me, lady. It'll be a pleasure to fix things up for you any way you please."

Alas for May!

About noon Mr. Coulson knocked two glasses off his

table, broke the spring of his bell, and yelled for Higgins at the same time.

"They call this spring, do they? If it keeps up long I'll go back to Palm Beach. House feels like a morgue."

Later Miss Coulson dutifully came in to inquire how the gout was progressing.

"Stantia," said the old man, "how is the weather outdoors?"

"Bright," answered Miss Coulson, "but chilly."

"Feels like the dead of winter to me," said Mr. Coulson.

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A thorp is a valley, copse, village, forest, small stream, bridge?

2. How much is a thrave of corn?

3. What is the difference between (a) pagoda, (b) pergola?

4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Henry, (b) Herbert?

5. What is the other common name of the plant, May-blob?

6. Which of the following musical terms is an intruder, and why?—Adagio, Largo, Andante, Allegro, Andantino, Mosso, Larghetto.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 623

1. Rare metal.

2. 84.

3. (a) Black varnish, (b) African fly.

4. (a) Noble, (b) Bright.

5. Ragwort.

6. Aleppo is a town in Syria; others are musical terms.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



A BOTTLE thrown into the Grand River, Ontario, on October 16th, 1938, by Mr. Fred Loveys, then a youth of 17, was picked up at Babbacombe Beach, Torquay, by some holiday-makers.

The bottle, which had travelled nearly 4,000 miles in six and a half years, contained a message asking the finder to communicate with Mr. Loveys at Brantford, Ontario.

But the sender, now in the Canadian Air Force, was in England when the bottle was found!



WHICH is the biggest family in Wales?

Many are claiming the honour. Latest in the field is Mrs. M. Abbott, of Gelli Road, Ystrad, who has four sons, five daughters, 73 grandchildren, and 31 great-grandchildren. And Grandma Abbott at 81 is still going strong.

Here is another sort of record. Mrs. D. Brick, of Trelewis, is one of eight survivors of a family of 14 whose ages are 74, 73, 71, 68, 66, 64, 60 and 58, a total of 534 years. Can you beat that?



PAINTED on the back of a military ambulance leaving Southampton Docks with stretcher cases were the words:—  
THROUGH THESE DOORS PASS THE  
GREATEST MEN IN THE WORLD.



HORACE VICTOR MYERS, who died suddenly at the age of 68, was known in Jamaica as the Rum King.

At the Wembley Exhibition in 1924 he gave a party for a thousand guests in honour of the then Prince of Wales.

In his will, one bequest was of five thousand pounds for a fighter aircraft, to be named "Jamaica."

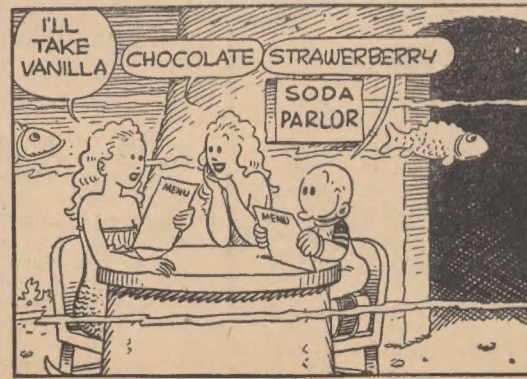
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



"She missed the boat, and launched Lord Trollop instead!"



# WANGLING WORDS—563

1. Behead a pile and get a rope.
2. In the following motto both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Yad pleap eth yaaw peske a na cotrod.**
3. What famous explorer has EL for the exact middle of his name?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 562

1. S-hoe.
2. All that glitters is not gold.
3. ReyNOlds.
4. Dolt, told.

# JANE



# "THE MARRY MONTH OF MAY"

(Continued from Page 2)

"An instance," said Constancia, gazing abstractedly out the window, "of 'winter lingering in the lap of spring,' though the metaphor is not in the most refined taste."

A little later she walked down by the side of the little park and on westward to Broadway to accomplish a little shopping.

A little later than that Mrs. Widdup entered the invalid's room.

"Did you ring, sir?" she asked, dimpling in many places. "I asked Higgins to go to the drug stores, and I thought I heard your bell."

"I did not," said Mr. Coulson. "I'm afraid," said Mrs. Widdup, "I interrupted you, sir, yesterday when you were about to say something."

"How comes it, Mrs. Widdup," said old man Coulson sternly, "that I find it so cold in this house?"

"Cold, sir?" said the housekeeper, "why, now, since you speak of it it do seem cold in this room. But, outdoors it's

as warm and fine as June, sir. And how this weather do seem to make one's heart jump out of one's shirt waist, sir. And the ivy all leaved out on the side of the house, and the hand-organs playing, and the children dancing on the sidewalk—'tis a great time for speaking out what's in the heart. You were saying yesterday, sir —

"Woman!" roared Mr. Coulson; "you are a fool. I pay you to take care of this house. I am freezing to death in my own room, and you come in and drive to me about ivy and hand-organs. Get me an overcoat at once. See that all the doors and windows are closed below. An old, fat, irresponsible, one-sided object like you prating about springtime and flowers in the middle of winter! When Higgins comes back, tell him to bring me a hot rum punch. And now get out!"

But who shall shame the bright face of May? Rogue though she be and disturber of sane men's peace, no wise virgin's cunning, nor cold storage shall make her bow

her head in the bright galaxy of months.

Oh, yes, the story was not quite finished.

A night passed, and Higgins helped old man Coulson in the morning to his chair by the window. The cold of the room was gone. Heavenly odours and fragrant madness entered.

In hurried Mrs. Widdup, and stood by his chair. Mr. Coulson reached his bony hand and grasped her plump one.

"Mrs. Widdup," he said, "this house would be no home without you. I have half a million dollars. If that and the true affection of a heart no longer in its youthful prime, but still, not cold, could —"

"I found out what made it cold," said Mrs. Widdup, leaning against his chair. "Twas ice—tons of it—in the basement and in the furnace room, everywhere. I shut off the registers that it was coming through into your room, Mr. Coulson, 'poor soul!' And now it's May-time again."

"A true heart," went on old

man Coulson, a little wander-ingly, "that the springtime has brought to life again, and—but what will my daughter say, Mrs. Widdup?"

"Never fear, sir," said Mrs. Widdup, cheerfully, "Miss Coulson, she ran away with the iceman last night, sir!"

THE END.

"Tell me," said the teacher to my nephew, Jimmy, "who wrote the famous poem which begins with the line: 'Oh to be in England?'"

Jimmy grinned at his classmates: "Please, sir," he said, "Hitler!"

At our party a lady was telling me that her husband was doing aerial work.

"Good luck to him," I said. "Is he a pilot?"

"No," she replied. "He puts the bubbles in soda-water!"

A seven-foot Cairo man writes poetry. He is known as the Egyptian long fellah.

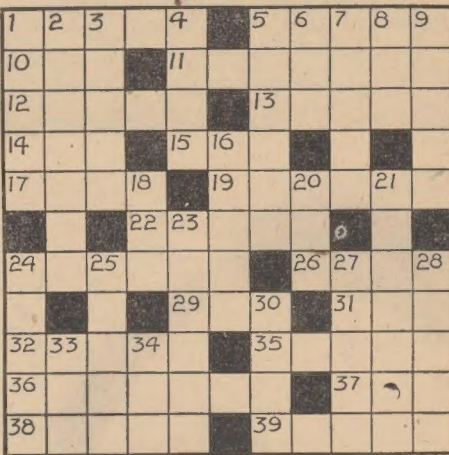
## JOKE CORNER

In New York, occupants of a building complained of the noise made by triplets whose father is a pawnbroker. The three brass bawls.

Re-conditioned battledress is now available for civilians. But wives soon find that unusual pocket in front of the left trouser.

Door-to-door canvassers, it is predicted, will soon appear seeking orders for post-war goods. Spearheads are already reported in the suburbs.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

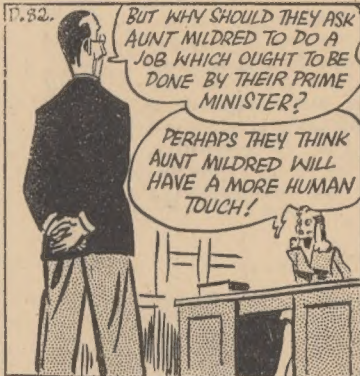
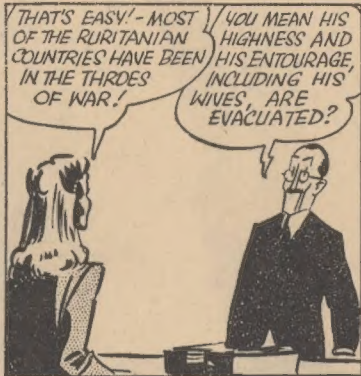
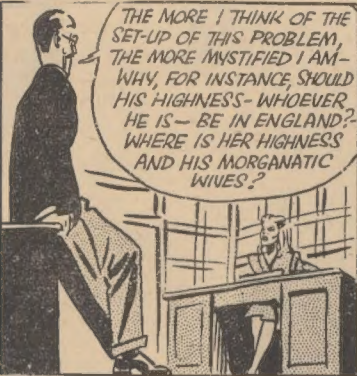
- 1 Chief.
- 5 Tied by cord.
- 10 Colour.
- 11 Sort of guitar.
- 12 Apart.
- 13 Censure.
- 14 Drink.
- 15 Watch pocket.
- 17 Footway.
- 19 Gives rise to.
- 22 Musical show.
- 24 Rank.
- 26 Barks.
- 29 Shrub.
- 31 Squeeze.
- 32 In progress.
- 35 Dullard.
- 36 Interpret.
- 37 Scotch lad.
- 38 Guide.
- 39 Was redolent.

### CLUES DOWN.

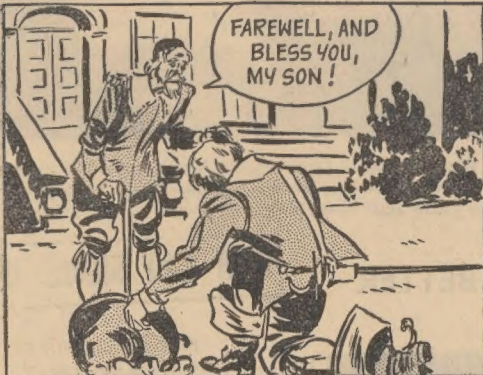
- 1 Clutch.
- 12 Dependable.
- 13 Follow.
- 4 Pudding.
- 5 Clumsy chap.
- 6 Quite.
- 7 Stop.
- 8 Tree.
- 9 Legal documents.
- 16 Fat.
- 18 Pungent.
- 20 Mirthful.
- 21 Up to date.
- 23 Golf club.
- 24 Feigns.
- 25 Originated.
- 27 Girl's name.
- 28 Used up.
- 30 Tots.
- 33 Healthy.
- 34 Mineral.

CRUX HASTE  
HEN DESERVE  
OLIVER NEAR  
SATIN BOB G  
EX MISERLY  
NEB ZED EAT  
DELETED CO  
O WON WIGHT  
FRAY SENATE  
FORAGED GEM  
BELOW BEDS

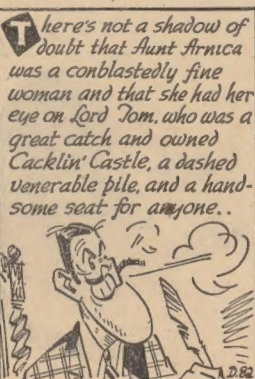
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# Gainsborough Plans Ahead

THIS year promises to be a year of great activity for all Gainsborough contract stars. Phyllis Calvert, who recently completed "They Were Sisters" for Gainsborough, is now to be loaned to another company to star with Eric Portman as a woman doctor in "Man of Two Worlds." Margaret Lockwood, busiest of all Gainsborough stars, has "A Place of One's Own" and "I'll Be Your Sweetheart" completed and to be shown shortly. She is now at work at Shepherd's Bush in "The Wicked Lady," directed by Leslie Arliss. Patricia Roc also stars in this film after being loaned to another company for "Johnny Frenchman."

Jean Kent, who has risen rapidly to a high position in popular favour with her performance in "2,000 Women" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons," has also been loaned to another company for "The Rake's Progress," and will be featured in a new Gainsborough film later in the year.

Stewart Granger, most popular of all Gainsborough's male stars, after his brilliant performances in "Love Story," "Madonna of the Seven Moons," and "Waterloo Road," has also played an important part in "Caesar and Cleopatra," at Denham. He has now left for a tour of the battle fronts in Europe with the play, "Gaslight," before returning to Gainsborough in six weeks' time to star in a new film.

Anne Crawford, who will be seen shortly in a leading role in "They Were Sisters," is also touring abroad in a play, and Dulcie Gray, featured in the same film, has just returned from the same theatre of war with the play, "The Lady from Edinburgh," which established a precedent by holding its world premiere behind the front lines.

Michael Rennie, Gainsborough's 1944 discovery, who played the featured role opposite Margaret Lockwood in the forthcoming musical, "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," has been cast in a prominent role again in the new Gainsborough production, "The Wicked Lady."

Dick Gordon

## Alex Cracks

An Irish secretary, finding an unposted letter among his dead employer's papers, sent it off after adding a postscript: "Since writing the above I have died."





**THIS ENGLAND.** We could call it a "venerable pile" or even a "sacred edifice," but we won't: we'll just call it St. Albans Abbey, Herts.

Our roving cameraman became quite chummy with this Esquimaux girl. When he was kidded about it, he replied that it wasn't that way at all—it was because she had promised to send him parcels of fish!

## SHE DIDN'T LICK JACK DEMPSEY!

"Gene Tierney's the name, you dope—not Gene Tunney!" This is the disrespectful way in which our Editor spoke to us about a little matter of putting the wrong caption under this picture when it first came upon our desk. That seemed to leave us with three urgent tasks: (a) to apologise to the glamorous Gene, (b) to tear up the page before Gene Tunney saw it, and (c) to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Jack Dempsey for his rotten luck. Consider the tasks performed—and, incidentally, "So long, readers—it was nice knowing you!"



"Trouble with these grown-ups is they don't know how to respect a fellow's sense of personal dignity. Fancy having to go to bed with the sun shining and the gang still shouting out there in the street!"

## OLD BILL'S "BETTER 'OLE"



If you've ever doubted the truth of the old tag that "old soldiers never die," have a good look at the old boy above. You can't tell us that's a Sea Elephant because we know better!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He's just a dirty old man to me."

